

# Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 21, 1851.

NUMBER 23.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
WARREN & PRICE.

### THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for Six months, and Five Dollars if not paid until the end of the year.

### THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for Six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square. The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to ensure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal: W. C. CARTER, General Agent. Col. T. W. HENRY, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist. S. H. ROSSER, Esq., Lancaster-village, S. C. C. C. McCRAW, Esq., Charleston, N. C. W. C. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C. And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

For the Camden Journal.

### MELODY.

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decay'd  
In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd,  
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;  
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more.  
Hope, cheated too often, when life's in its spring,  
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing;  
And memory comes as its promises fade,  
To brood o'er the havoc that passion has made.  
As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves  
Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,  
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall  
And builds in the mansion that nods to it fall.  
C. F. HOFFMAN.

For the Camden Journal.

## THE BLUE HOUSE. A TALE OF THE LAMP.

BY  
VELVET SLIPPERS.

Dear Uncle, the more I gaze on you "Blue House," the more impatient I am, to read a manuscript written many years ago, by cousin Adelaide. Pauline, I well remember the sad story of the Blue House, standing on the eminence just beyond the old fort, Ninety Six. I will gratify you, Pauline, upon one condition:—So bring that mahogany box in my secret; near it, you will find a casket, bring it also. With this key you can open the box, in which, you will find a paper,—read it carefully, for it is the sealed destiny of one very near to you, and will reveal much of the past history of your family. Never interrogate me again about the "Blue House"—this is the condition. Melancholy broods over the name, while the dark and foul deed, begot of spleen, and brought forth in cowardice, makes a cold tremor pass over me.

Pauline rejoiced in giving satiety to her curiosity, as she unfolded the tale of the darkest tragedy in the catalogue of crime.—She made out its scarcely legible contents, as follows:

"My dearest Cousin:—You have opened the book of fate. Steel your heart and nerve it for the worst.

What a gloomy picture will the incidents of this tragedy make. Willingly would I let the curtain fall and let oblivion with its besom sweep it from my memory, did not justice to you, woo me to sketch, though with a faint pencil, the most striking features of this sad tale of woe, so intimately connected with your mother's history. Grief and despond made up the checkered life of your short-lived mother, when a dream of the distant point of the past flitted across her mind, as she looked upon the dear spot of yon Blue House, in which, a mother's blood streamed from the assassin's knife.

On a starlit night of May 17, —, was to be seen the lovely form of a female, bending over the balcony of yon Blue House. Darksome were the shades beneath the majestic oaks, while the soft and silvery moonbeams anon peered through the floating ocean of clouds, fitting across the heavens in massive waves.

The perfumed and beautiful mig-nonettes carpeted the level parterre, while the zephyrs came redolent with the rich aroma of forest flowers. In a word, there was everything of earth and heaven, that could impart beauty and inspire sentiment to the scenery. Anon, the fair lady paused in her promenade, as if inhaling the gifts of the orient breezes, or admiring the wild and romantic woodland. Perchance, her ear caught the gentle rustle of a leaflet, as the sound was winged upon the breeze, that caught up the fragrance of the flowers. She stands, now, wrapt in pensive melancholy, or in sentimental reverie, as she gazes upon the gorgeous drapery of heaven. In faith, she must have seen the outlines of a figure stealthily passing under the shadows of yon cluster of trees.— "Tis he!" she faintly articulates. Yet, mystery begins where this revelation ends. "Oh! if he be seen. I confide in God—the rebels, could they unpiteously manacle the hands of youth, or stifle the spirit of one so pure and loyal, in this hour of peril. Heaven forefend." Who

could whisper such words! The daughter of a patriot, whose brawny arms struck many a blow in defence of his country's rights and his country's honor. Woman never boasted a more graceful and lovely figure—never did an eye beam with more spirituality in its deep blue dye—a heaven-born face moulded in the form of beauty, with intellectuality enthroned in its brilliant expression. Dark ringlets shaded the rosy flush of her cheeks:—'Tis an image of thy mother's beauty, with its classic outlines as widely portrayed in your own face. She was the admired belle of Ninety-six. Wooded by every beau, that could hope to win a smile. Her fair hand was the charm of many enamored youth, who essayed in vain, to win its more beautiful owner. Shed a passing tear to her memory, for she now lies entombed with the dead. Bianca, for that was her name, paused for moments watching the graceful step of a man gliding from the sombre shades beneath the dense foliage, to the open plot illumined by the moonlight. A handkerchief, bending from a staff to the breeze, its lily folds, was ominous. Bianca read its import. Quickly retreating, with the low and soft notes of a tune upon her lips, which scarcely had died away on the "desert air," before she was saluted by a graceful bow from the young loyalist. Few words, in whispers, were interchanged, which the silent woods reposed in secrecy. Ah! love is a faithful sentinel. This occurrence would still be a mystery, had not future events given us a clue to interpret its meaning.

A moment was a crisis of hope, for upon the safe return of the loyalist depended the fate of one dearer to Bianca. Her love had just been consummated by a matrimonial alliance to a British officer, an ardent and attached loyalist, whose commanding and graceful figure set off with an epaulette, had attracted the admiration of Bianca, who received in return the full devotion of a youthful lover. She met this officer by fortuitous circumstances, which introduced them to each other at a dining party of a near relative, allied to the British cause. It is just to say of that enamored youth that, he possessed every accomplishment that could refine his manner, or elevate his feelings. A youth, by his gallant conduct, "more full of glory, than of years." He loved with a passion as "chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple." He breathed to Bianca tender sentiments of love. She gave a listening ear to his tale. He wooed—she loved—and thus this princess of beauty was wedded to the prince of loyalty, who was then fighting against a father and brother of Bianca. What is woman! What is love?—what will it not sacrifice? I leave the enigma for your solution.

This British officer was now garrisoned in the fort, '96, then under Col. Cruger. The stranger we mentioned, received the news from Bianca of Lord Rawdon's approach with reinforcements to relieve Cruger. Bianca had, that evening, apprized the garrison that she was in receipt of important intelligence. The young loyalist became the bearer of the glad tidings of Rawdon's approach, and quickly mounting his steed, fastened to a woodbine hard by, and under the fires of the sentinels, dashing successfully, and at full speed by the pickets, he was admitted with burrahs into the garrison. History has long since chronicled the desperate charge of the "forlorn hope," led on to death by Lieuts. Dowal and Selden, when the discharged cannon gave the signal for this noble band to make the onset and effect the breach—and under the blaze of artillery they rushed to meet the bayonets and pickets that bristled above the parapets. Alas! this desperate charge only signalized itself, by the display of the most brilliant act of heroism that glory could claim or patriotism inspire. With this involuntary digression, we will hasten our story, which has a moment more mournful and melancholy, than the event of that forlorn hope. Cruger speedily evacuated '96. And soon the dearest idol of Bianca's first love was summoned to impress a farewell kiss upon her woe-begone cheek, already bathed in tears, by the sad fate of a brother of the "forlorn hope."—The officer lingered long in bidding adieu—but time and duty soon broke the spell that wooed a moments stay.

In the North-West room of yon Blue House looking towards the fort, was the chamber of Bianca, in which she shed forth tears of grief. Yes, oft has she shed a bitter, burning tear, as she gazed upon the deserted fort—the monument of woman's frailty—the record of woman's devotion to a lover, even at the sacrifice of a brother.

In fancy, now, I see that face like Niobe, all bathed in tears—with grief and despair mantling the wan cheek, where once the lily and rose blended, to make the carnation more beautiful.

A man with the frost of years upon his head, returns to the smiles of home. The dim fire of her eye brightened anew, the wonted crimson again blushed upon her cheek, as she embraced a father fresh from the glories of war. But along with him comes the news of a lover's death, which once more enthroned sorrow in her broken heart. Yet, a sadder tale lingers on our pen. The cause—'tis love turned to hate. Another loved, and too with a jealous hate, yes, with a blind and morbid passion, that poisoned the purity of love and changed the original type into malignant hate.

The burning taper in that North-West room betokens the wakeful vigils of Bianca, upon whose cheek, the rose has thrice withered, and the woof of life fast unwinding from the distaff of destiny. For in this evil hour, had you but looked, you would have seen an Indian crossing that sinuous path leading to Cambridge.

Foul treachery is abroad, you may be sure. That wily Indian pants for blood: nor to avenge himself or his race, does he bear the deadly knife. The fiend was once a lover, whose love has turned to hate—whose hate is

murder. He pandered to a heart poisoned with the venom of spleen—yet as a coward he dared not do that which his heart would rejoice in having done. The faint light is gone—nature seems embosomed in repose—nothing is heard but the dull chirp of the cicada that ever serenades the listless woods. The night is serenely beautiful—clear and bright stars alone record the eventful fate of Bianca. The Indian, unseen, creeps from oak to oak, with footsteps so light as not even to break the repose of nature. He pauses, looking steadily at the room, in which a moment ago, the light gleamed. The victim is there. He moves—now he mounts the steps—the door opens to the magic "sesame" of the midnight assassin. The heart proclaims its mandate to the steady hand. He enters the chamber of virtue and innocence—the hand is uplifted—it falls—a faint scream—a corpse. In the spotless arms of that expiring woman, was a beautiful babe, too young to be-moan the cruel and unhappy fate of its mother.

The Indian fled with a conscience crying "murder," in every step. He never more was seen. The murder was soon noised abroad, but the trace of the assassin remained a mystery. Years afterwards, the dying declaration of a man full of remorse and guilt, told the sad tale, by confessing all the circumstances of the crime.

You will find in a certain casket a large signet ring with the initials of your father; also, an oval medallion attached to a golden chain; on one side is a portrait of your father,—by touching a secret spring, it will reveal to you, a faithful miniature of your mother. Go to the consecrated spot of the burial ground of Cambridge, and you will find a large marble slab inscribed as follows: "To the memory of Bianca and Eudora." My tale is told. The tragedy of the Blue House has been faintly pictured. It but remains for me to say that, the little babe saved by a kind providence, was Eudora, your mother.

**B. W. CHAMBERS,**  
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,  
AND  
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,  
CAMDEN, S. C.

**C. MATHESON,**  
BANK AGENT.  
At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel.

**WILLIAM C. MOORE,**  
BANK AGENT,  
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant  
CAMDEN, S. C.

REFERENCES—W. E. JOHNSON, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSausure, T. J. WARREN, Esq.

**W. H. R. WORKMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Camden, S. C.  
(Office immediately in rear of the Court House.)  
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF  
DARLINGTON and SUMNER DISTRICTS.  
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26.

**MOFFAT & MOORE,**  
AUCTIONEERS & GENERAL AGENTS,  
CAMDEN, S. C.

**Bogardus' Planetary Horse Power.**  
THE subscribers have received out of the above machines from the manufactory of Geo. Vail & Co., to which they would call the attention of those who want power for spinning, sawing or grinding. Orders for any kind of MILL IRONS or CASTINGS will be promptly attended to. McDOWALL & COOPER.  
Sept. 20, 1850. 75

**Clothing at Cost!**  
A Lot ready made Coats, Pants, Vests, Overcoats, and Merino Shirts and Pants, Linen Shirts and Collars. By H. LEVY & SON.  
Jan. 24 7

**Dry Goods.**  
THE Subscriber has just added to his stock of GROCERIES.  
20 Pieces Cheap Calico.  
30 " Homespun and Onaburgs,  
Checks, Tickings, Shawls, Handkerchiefs,  
Tweeds, Cassimeres, Dimmings, &c., with all articles usually kept in a well selected assortment. WM. C. MOORE.  
Feb. 11 12

**Carpetings and Rugs at Cost!**  
A few pieces Carpetings, at positively cost. By H. LEVY & SON.  
Jan. 23 7

**J. B. KERSHAW,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,  
CAMDEN, S. C.  
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

**To Rent.**  
THAT brick dwelling and store, next to the "Mansion House," now occupied by T. Bonnell. Apply to J. B. KERSHAW, Esq.  
Dec 21 101

The subscriber has just finished off a lot of Mahogany Rocking Chairs in plush. Also Sewing Chairs in plush and hair; very neat articles and at unusually low prices. C. L. CHATTEN.

**Mill Gudgeons, &c.**  
Mill Gudgeons, 104 to 20 inch  
Mill Cranks, assorted sizes  
North Carolina, English and Northern Hollow  
Ware, assorted, from 1 to 55 gallons  
Patent Iron Axles, 1 to 24 inch.  
Mill Irons of any kind furnished to order.  
McDOWALL & COOPER.  
July 8 54

**150 SIDES best Hemlock Leather.**  
Just received and for sale at 17 cts per lb. by JOHN W. BRADLEY.

**CORN** Shellers, Patent Straw Cutters, Ploughs, Patent Chains of the most approved kind—Rocking and sitting chairs, Pails, Tubs, &c., just received by Sept. 17, [74] E. W. BONNEY.

**Carpeting!!!**  
JUST opened and for sale, common, extra fine, super-fine, and Imperial three ply Carpets, of new patterns. Also, Printed Floor Cloths, Rugs, and cotton Carpeting. Sept. 17, [74] E. W. BONNEY.

## THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at A. K. S. MOFFAT'S new Southern Store, brick house above the tank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

consisting in part, as follows:  
Fancy and mourning Prints  
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings  
Blue Denime and Marlborough Stripes  
Satinets and Kentucky Jeans  
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres  
Negro Keseys; Bed and Negro Blankets  
Blous, Delaines, Ginghams, &c.

**Groceries.**  
Brown, Leaf, crushed and clarified Sugar  
Rio and Java Coffee  
New Orleans and West India Molasses  
Mackarel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels  
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt  
Raisins, Pepper, Spice  
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

**Hardware.**  
Pocket Knives and Forks  
Britannia and Iron Spoons  
Trace and Halter Chains  
Axes, Hammers and Hatchets  
Spades, Shovels and Hoes  
Hand, mill and crosscut saws  
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows  
Nails, brads, tacks and spigs  
Knob, pad closet and stock locks  
Iron squarers, compasses and plane irons  
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards  
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets  
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

**Ready Made Clothing**  
of every description.  
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales  
Crockery and Glassware  
Gunny and Dundee Bagging  
Kentucky Rope and Twine  
Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.  
The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce.  
Dec. 24. K. S. MOFFAT.

**WHISKEY, RUM and BRANDY.**  
50 Bbls. Rectified Whiskey,  
50 bbls. New England Rum  
5 casks Domestic Brandy  
40 doz. Old Madeira Wine  
60 doz. Porter and Ale, in quarts and pints  
Received and for sale by  
Jan. 20 JOHN W. BRADLEY.

**New Fall Goods.**  
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving his Fall supply of

**Groceries, Domestic, &c.**  
Consisting in part, of the following articles, viz—  
Brown, crushed, loaf and clarified Sugars  
New Orleans and Muscovado Molasses  
Rio and Java Coffee  
Rice, Cheese, Bacon and Lard  
No. 2 and 3 Mackarel  
Corn, Flour, Oats, Salt  
Swedes Iron of all sizes  
Powder, Shot, Lead, Soaps, Starch, Candles  
Fine and common Tobacco  
Bagging, Rope and Twine.  
Men and boy's Wagon Saddles  
Riding and Waggon Bridles  
Hames, Collars, Riding and Waggon Whips

—ALSO—  
Crockery, Glass and Hardware  
Collins' best Axes, Nails, assorted size  
Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks  
**Negro Cloths,**  
Bleached and brown Homespuns  
Bed, Negro and Riding BLANKETS

—ALSO—  
A few cases of men and boys Hats and Caps  
With all other articles usually found in a well supplied Grocery and Hardware store, all of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.  
B. W. CHAMBERS.  
Camden, S. C. Sept. 3. 70

## NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Dohy, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef  
No. 1 and 2 Mackarel in kits, for family use;  
Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugars;  
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

—ALSO—  
A few doz. old Port Wine, Hedsick best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.  
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS

**MANSION HOUSE.**  
CAMDEN, S. C.  
GARD.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be supplied with the best of the market affords.  
His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hoister. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto. As you find me, So recommend me.  
E. G. ROBINSON.  
Proprietor.  
Camden, February 7th, 1851. 11

**FINEIRISH POTATOES**—A few tubs just received by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Olives stuffed with Anchovies, Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Green Peas, (French) Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Pate de Foie Gras Strasbourg. Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Jan 20.

5 BOXES Smoked Halibut received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Feb. 18 14

3 BBLs. Kennedy's Boston Butter Crackers, received and for sale, by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Feb. 18 14

2 CASES Pie Fruit consisting of Rhubarb, Gooseberries, Peaches, Whortleberries and Plums, received and for sale, by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Feb. 18 14

20 BOXES I. E. Cheese, small size, received and for sale, by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Feb. 18 14

**Family Groceries.**

**SUGAR.**—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified light and brown light N. Orleans and Muscovado.

**COFFEE.**—Old Government Java, Rio, Laguira, Chocolate, Broma, Cocoa.

**TEA.**—Imperial, Gunpowder, Hyson, Soverleaf Young Hyson, Orange Pekoe and Golden Chap.

**FLOUR.**—Baltimore in Bbls., Extra Family Flour in Bags from selected Wheat, Buckwheat.

**RICE.**—Whole, Macaroni, Farina, Currie Powder.

**SOAP.**—Chemical, Olive, Chinese Washing Fluid, Castile, Colgate, Fancy.

**HAMS.**—Baltimore Sugar cured, Dried Beef, Pickled Beef, Mackarel, No. 1, in Kits Salmon do., Halibut, Fresh Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines in whole, half and quarter boxes, Herring, Potted Yarrow do.

**PICKLES.**—From Grouse & Blackwell, Underwood and Lewis.

**KETCHUPS.**—Worcestershire, Harvey, John Bull Tomatoe, Walnut, Mushroom, King of Oude's, Sals, Pepper and Peach Vinger, W. Wine's, Cider do., English and French Mustard, Spanish Olives, Capers, Anchovies Essence for flavoring.

**PRESERVES.**—Peaches, Apricots, Prunes in their own Juice, Pineapple, Limes, Prunes, West Indies do., Strawberry Jam, Figs, Raisins, Prunes.

**CANDLES.**—New Bedford Sperm, Solar do. Adamantine, Wax, colored do.  
Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

## Temperance Hotel.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the travelling public in general, that he has again rented the above Hotel for a short time and would respectfully solicit a portion of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him heretofore, as no pains will be spared to make the traveller comfortable and at home.

The Stages, and Omnibuses will call regularly at the House for passengers, going by Railroad. Also, Horses, and Buggies, can be had from him on reasonable terms, to go in the country.  
J. E. F. BOONE.  
Feb. 11, 19

10 BBLs. Planting Potatoes, received and for sale, by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Feb. 18 14

**Bounty Land.**  
THE subscriber will prosecute claims for Land or Pensions, on reasonable terms. Soldiers and officers, in the Mexican war, in the War of 1812, the Florida war, and other Indian wars, are entitled to Bounty Land. J. B. KERSHAW.  
Dec. 24, 1850 Att'y at Law.

**Notice.**  
HAVING disposed of my entire stock of Groceries to Mr. James I. Villepique, formerly of the firm of Paul F. Villepique & Son, I beg, respectfully, to solicit for him, the generous patronage of my former customers.

Those indebted to me either by note or open account, are earnestly requested to call on me at the old stand and settle, which will enable me to meet my own engagements.  
S. BENSON.

**Notice.**  
ALL persons having demands against the Estate of J. C. Dohy, dec'd will present them properly attested, and those indebted will make payment to  
J. DUNLAP, Adm'r.  
Jan. 30. 9

**Notice.**  
AS I am about to leave this State, to travel abroad, I hereby appoint Mr. Thomas Lang as my general agent, to attend to my affairs during my absence.  
Feb. 14 13  
L. C. ADAMSON. swif

**5,000 LBS. BACON HAMS,** prime, 50 bbls extra Family Flour 30 boxes Adamantine Candles. For sale by Jan. 21. JOHN W. BRADLEY

**FARE REDUCED TO \$20 FROM Charleston to New York.**  
The Great Mail Route from Charleston, S. C. Leaving the wharf at the foot of Laurens St. daily at 3 p. m. after the arrival of the Southern cars, via Wilmington and Weldon, Petersburg, Richmond, to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and to New York.

The public is respectfully informed that the steamers of this line, from Charleston to Wilmington, are in first rate condition, and are navigated by well known and experienced commanders, and the Railroads are in fine order, thereby securing both safety and despatch. A THROUGH TICKET having already been in operation will be continued on and after the first of Oct. 1-49, as a permanent arrangement from Charleston to New York. Passengers availing themselves thereof will have the option to continue without delay through the route or otherwise, to stop at any intermediate points, renewing their seats on the line to suit their convenience. By this route travellers may reach New York on the third day during business hours. Baggage will be ticketed on board the steamer to Weldon, as likewise on the change of cars at the intermediate points from thence to New York. Through Tickets can alone be had of E. WIN SLOW, Agent of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Company, at the office of the Company, foot of Laurens street, to whom please apply. For other information inquire of L. C. DUNCAN, at the American Hotel.

May 3. 34

A FEW more of those fine Beef Tongues, received at SHAW & AUSTIN.

Feb. 11. 28

1 Case Pate de Foie Gras Strasbourg. Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.  
Jan 20.